

LAWRENCIAN



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DEDICATION

*We Dedicate this issue of The Lawrencian
to our friend,*

MR. KENNETH C. BALLARD

*Ever ready with his advice and understanding,
Mr. Ballard, our science instructor,
has won the respect and admiration
of the student body through his
likable personality and genuine humor.*

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ANOTHER ANGLE by Fulton Oursler



LAWRENCIAN WELCOMES

FULTON OURSLER

AS GUEST EDITOR

The staff of the Lawrencian take this opportunity to thank Mr. Fulton Oursler for accepting our first guest editorship and for giving us "just another angle" to look at in life. To most people, the name of Fulton Oursler needs no further explanation. His fame as short story writer, editor of Liberty, and political speaker is nationally recognized. His literary experience and extensive travels combine to make his contribution to the field of journalism of world-wide interest and significance. Again we express our appreciation for his interest in our school and its affairs.

I AM sending you this message from Florida. While there is still ice in Buzzards Bay and snow drifts on the Falmouth roads, I am in my shirt sleeves writing this in a temperature well in the nineties. On the train ride from the North, I had a little experience that I believe may be as interesting to every high school young man and woman as it was to me. Sitting beside me in the train was a thoughtful young man. We had not spoken. Suddenly a train came thundering by on the other track. It made a great noise and blotted out the landscape. The man beside me slapped his hands together and said in sudden anger:

"There goes my train. That's *my* train."

My curiosity got the better of me and I asked him with a smile what he meant. He explained readily enough.

"My whole life is haunted by bad luck, and that train typifies it. Everything I try to do comes to nothing. Once I wanted to learn the piano, and my father was going to buy me one, but that year he went into bankruptcy. When I was a little older, I wanted to go through college, but father died and I had to go to work. Just now I was greatly enjoying that scenery, the wonderful forest we were passing, but before I could really enjoy it, along came

that train and blotted it out. That's the way it always is."

He felt very sorry for himself. In fact, he was so unhappy that I saw no reason to feel sorry for him also. He was giving himself all the sympathy he needed.

What he could use, though, I told myself, was another angle.

"Did you every stop to realize," I said to him, "that you can beat most of the jinxes in life if you are alert enough and keep your eyes open? You were watching a forest, and the train hid it from your view. What you forgot was that there are two sides to everything, just as there are two sides to every train, and there are windows in both sides. Look over there."

He turned and looked across the aisle to the window on the other side. There was the sea, the great wide ocean, and on the horizon, a great steamer headed south.

"Gosh!" he said, "that's beautiful."

It was just another angle. We all need new angles in our life; we all need to keep our senses alert, and when life closes in upon us and shuts out the view in one direction, we must look at life from another angle. Nothing can shut us out altogether from joy, beauty, and achievement.

"Of Many Things"

WE profess no great knowledge of international policies or economics or that sort of thing; the columnists tell us it's too much for us and we believe them. But there are still some things that we just can't digest, and which don't seem to pass away in the night like an ordinary case of too much pie. For instance, you take a man whose house is afire or who is being beaten up and robbed; he yells for help and the police department and the fire department and all his friends and neighbors all pile out to the rescue. A community is threatened by an epidemic or washed around in a flood; it sends out a request for aid;—the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, government supplies and money by the millions, friends and neighbors all just about break their necks getting there. A ship at sea is swept by fire, bumps an iceberg, or bursts a boiler; so it flashes an S. O. S. and every airplane and vessel within a thousand miles heaves around and churns to its side. But some little nation is attacked, invaded, pilfered, razed, and bombed to bits by another nation more powerful and barbarian, and the little nation raises a feeble voice above the tumult in a last-hope prayer for help;—its friends and neighbors listen raptly, shake their heads, but just blow their noses. As we said, it is not our lot to be able to reason why. We can't see it, but you can't stop us from sniffing.

The fabulous James Bowman Thatcher Wright sat in Creative English class awaiting the chance to brandish his wit. It came. "In writing," Mr. Allen said, "the point of view is as important as in painting, for instance. Has anyone in here done any painting?" "Me," said James. "Were you careful in selecting your point of view?" "No. I was painting a house."

Continuing our department on the faculty's automobiles, we wish to report that the windows of Mr. Allen's number formerly had awnings.

THERE is a Roll of Honor in the Main Room on which the names of the worthiest girl and boy of each class are inscribed forever; those scholars who get 90% or above in each subject are listed monthly on another honor roll; the boys who have enough minutes in football or basketball games get a letter for their effort. We say there should be some recognition of those individuals who arise around 7:00 of a school morning in order to get here on time or something. To us this is the attainment unbelievable. Making no rash statements, we believe there is no one other high school student who has been late over a period of three years more times than we have. We can make it by 8:50; 8:45, no. The Goddess of Sleep has us wound tightly around her lovely little finger, and at eight o'clock we are neither able nor desire to unwind. The Land of Nod is Paradise; slumber is the forbidden fruit, and our will is weak. From the utter respect in our heart, we say there should be some recognition of the early bird. Anyone who gets up at seven is either a mountain of will power or a fool.

WE'VE always wondered whether these symphony announcers really know what they're talking about. Listening to the radio the other night, we found them out. We heard one say, "He has now taken the stand and in a moment you will hear Mr. Barbirolli conducting the orchestra in Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. By thunder, all you could hear was music. He didn't make a sound."

Having survived the Great Earthquake and the Great Blizzard, we should be almost prepared for the Great Graduation.

April first was an ill-chosen date for Mr. Allen to turn up without the fringe. No one would believe it wasn't a substitute.

NOW that we have a sprinkler system to beguile the appreciative eye and protect 250 lives and the insurance company, the inopportune time has arisen to say a few words in behalf of the architect of the building, who, if we know architects, is writhing in his grave. When the article was taken up in town meeting the only opposition was monetary, no one seemed to care what the system would look like. (May we add what it looks like?) It was hard enough for the poor man when the rear of the school was desecrated, but now with this leaden atrocity, at this moment hovering above our heads, he must be a human fly-wheel. Another thing, perhaps not so esthetic, some day some one with a playful turn is going to climb up on a couple of chairs and light a match under one of those sprinklers. In fact, we have a match right here.

WE'VE just dug up some interesting, if inconsequential, statistics on the frequency that different words are looked up in the main room dictionary. This was researched very simply, and with a fair degree of accuracy, by comparing the wear on the index tabs. To keep you in suspense no longer, words beginning with the letter "S" are consulted most often.

- 2nd—T
- 3rd—H
- 4th—G
- 5th—J
- 6th—Q
- 7th—C
- 8th (no appreciable difference)—D, M
- 9th (n. a. d.)—E, I, K, V.
- 10th (n. a. d.)—A, B, F, L, N, O, P, R, U, W, X, Y, Z.

As we said, this work may be of no immediate consequence, but in a statistical world its possibilities are far-reaching. You can never tell what the next census will comprise.



The Murders In The Rue Barbe

Robert Simmons, '40

PHINEAS GILCH, the noted Disintegrator, scourge of interplanetary pirates from Mars to Krypton, holder of the marksmanship title for Ray-X rocket pistols in three major galaxies, vice-president of the United Solar Systems of the Universe, turned slowly the pages of an ancient tome he had found blowing around in the outer reaches of nebula B9. It was a collection of Superman Comics in a Permo Binder.

"Hm," he said, and then, "hm, hmm." He looked up the Master Gauge of his ship; he was nearing Allyton, capital of U. S. S. U. In a moment the ship accelerated to a stop and he jumped out excitedly.

"Wait till the doctor sees this!" he cried and sped out of sight before the port attendants had a chance to polish his goggles.

In his laboratory, Dr. Cyril bent over a weird myriad of flasks and tubes and bubbling liquids. Slowly and carefully, with hand of steel, he raised one of the flasks to the level of his brow and gazed at it in the brighter light. His eyes sparkled with anticipation. "At last!" he murmured, pressing the flask to his lips; and he drained the contents.

"Mix up a couple more!" cried a cheery voice and the invisible door burst open.

The doctor wheeled around. "Phin! Well! Phin, my boy! How you been, Phin? Tell me, did you catch those—" Gilch interrupted him.

"No. Not yet. But I haven't time for that now. Look!" He pulled the musty volume from his pocket. "Look what I found in B9!" The doctor took it with a questioning glance and flipped open the cover.

"1940!" he breathed. "Two thousand years ago!" He laid the book gingerly on a bench and thumbed through the pages, stopping now and then to read a meaty passage over. Finally he closed the book and looked up at Gilch.

"Phineas! This is priceless! This is the most valuable discovery of the century!" He reached for the flask.

The Disintegrator leaned back against the bench. "What do you make of it?" he asked. "It evidently came from Earth, but Earth was blown up ages ago."

Dr. Cyril scratched his eyelid thoughtfully. "Probably," he said slowly, "probably this was strong enough to withstand the shock—and has been floating around in space ever since. Yes, that must be it. But Eureka! This will revolutionize the study of history. Why, this means that there were men of supreme development before the rise of Civilization. Why, it's unbelievable!" His voice rose to full crescendo. "Why, this Superman may still be alive today!"

Our hero straightened with a gasp and looked at Dr. Cyril. His steel-gray eyes were intent. "You mean—"

"I mean there is every reason to believe that he *could* survive the explosion. Perhaps he did. Perhaps he is floating around in space now, just as this book here was," the doctor tapped it lightly, "without a place to call home. The clue to ancient man!"

"The missing link!" cried Phineas, clenching his fists. "And I shall find him." His steel gray eyes were resolute as he made this statement. He turned to the doctor, who was taking the pause that refreshes.

"I am leaving today," he said.

"To your success!" said Cyril. The Disintegrator raced off into the night. "Watch out for the Black Intelligence!"

As Phineas Gilch roared toward galaxy B9 in a little super-rocket of his own design, a number of thoughts turned in his mind. The speed, three light years per second, was stimulating, and he threw his head out of the cockpit to let his wavy hair toss in the breeze, an old habit when he wanted to meditate. The Black Intelligence! About a year ago it had first appeared and since had grown to be feared even more than the interplanetary pirates (or Raiders of the Space, as romantic

novelists called them). What the Black Intelligence was, nobody knew. It was vaguely believed to have something to do with the Space Raiders, but they all denied it. It came in the night; it was evil; it had killed thirty-eight U. S. S. U. presidents in succession; of this was Gilch certain, and as certain that he, Gilch, the Disintegrater, would wipe it like mud from the many faces of the Universe forever. All he needed was a little help. Now, as a gift from God, came the revelation of Superman. Here was the guy he'd been looking for. A man, like himself, with a love of justice and a physique of steel. "You're my pal, Supe," he thought. "We'll go far. With my brains, and your build—" He wondered how he should greet him. "Superman, I presume? Hya, Supey! What ya hear from the—"

A screech as from a woman in distress met his ears. Gazooks! He looked around and sniffed the ether. It—yes, it *was* a woman! A young woman, a very lovely woman, standing on an asteroid just below his ship. He jammed on the anti-directional resonator and coasted down beside her. A glance told she was not more than twenty-one; her hair was shining and golden, softly framing a face such as an angel's should be; her beautiful deep blue eyes had an inner sparkle that bespoke, he hoped, a pure soul and a fresh mind, but they now were troubled and disturbing; her cheery lips quivered as she tried to speak. Phineas leaped to the ground before the girl, made a sweeping bow, cleared his throat, and spoke. "H'lo." The girl tried again to speak but failing, burst into tears and fell on Phineas's manly bosom. Phineas gulped. She had a figure like . . . (shades of Petty!) Finally she composed herself a little and looked up pleadingly into Phineas's eyes and sobbed, "I'm . . . so . . . afraid. Oh, please, I'm so . . . afraid!" Then she burst out again.

"My intentions are honorable," said Gilch.

"Oh, it isn't that—I mean, that is—" She drew herself together tightly and wiped her nose. "I thought nobody would ever come. I've been here so long, it seems. If you will take me to Allyton, or a rocket terminal, I am sure my father, the President, will reward you well. I'm Joan Brandon."

"Phineas Gilch, the Disintegrater, is completely at your service, Miss Brandon. *Brandon!* Then you must be the daughter of the President!" Phineas, the Disintegrater, gaped in astonishment. The girl was no less surprised.

"And *you're* Phineas Gilch! Oh, thank goodness! The Black Intelligence, it—"

"The Black Intelligence!"

"Yes. I was in the capitol garden." The girl started to sob again. "Suddenly a black cloth . . . fell over my head. I was whisked away . . . into a rocket . . . men's voices . . . one . . . the Black Intelligence . . . Couldn't see them. They took me here . . . said they didn't want to kill me . . . I don't know why . . . then they gave me gas and left—"

"The cads!"

"But they're going to come back! We must get away before it is too late." She climbed into the rocket ship; the Disintegrater followed nimbly.

"The devils shall get their due, never fear," he said, starting the electronic engines. "Right now, I'm on the track of Superman."

"Superman?"

Phineas related the story as they zoomed into space. When he finished the girl was agog with excitement.

"Oh, please take me with you!" she exclaimed. Phineas regarded her quizzically. "Well, I don't know—" he began. The girl edged closer. "*Please*," she said. "I'm not afraid anymore, and you would waste time going way back to Allyton." Phineas gave in. "O. K." He turned the ship around and headed for B9. Now there was nothing to do but wait.

He glanced down at the girl; she blushed.

"May . . . may I hold your hand?" he faltered. Her lily hand flew to her throat; then holding her breath, she slipped it, quivering, into his. A tingle raced up and down his spine.

"Joan, Joan . . . there's something I must tell you. Joan, I . . . I—"

A shattering crash splintered the air. Phineas looked up.

"We've struck something!"

"It's a bird!" cried Joan.

"It's a man!" cried Gilch.

"It's *Superman!*" they cried in unison.

* * *

Deep in a crater of the largest of Neptune's satellites, a small black rocket ship came to rest. Three shrouded figures dashed from it into a solitary building nearby that was faintly perceptible in its camouflage. They stopped before the iron-scrolled oaken door; one rapped on it—two knocks, an interval, another knock, interval, three rapid knocks, interval, then two knocks, an interval, seven slow knocks, an interval, four hard knocks, an interval, and twelve soft knocks. This procedure was repeated three times. A knot in the door was removed from the inside and an eye appeared through it; the door creaked open. The

(Continued on Page 12)

Spring Rain

Shirley Landers, '41

THE rain patters in on stealthy feet,
Where the sky and grey sea meet.
It bathes the dwarfed wind-twisted pines,
And in the mist their wet boughs shine.

The sound of whispering waves is muffled,
The ocean's placid face is ruffled
By warm sea breezes damp with dew.
The sky is leaden grey in hue.

And yet some strange uncanny thing
Tells us that soon the birds will sing.
This shower is just earth's tear drops starting
In sorrowed grief at winter's parting.

Her smile will soon come breaking through,
At spring's caress her eyes will view
A world of glorious golden light;
The spring rain fled into the night.



On Studying For A French Verb Test

Roberta Jones, '40

BREATHES there a pupil with soul so dead, who never feels a shock of dread on hearing those fatal words: "and tomorrow we will have a French verb test." Of all distasteful words in the English language, the ones which produce the most distressing results are the words "French" and "verb" when used in co-ordination. Mention a ten-page translation of *La Tulipe Noire*; your student laughs and shrugs his shoulders. Mention a chapter or two of French grammar; your student airily snaps his fingers. But mention the two words — *French verbs*—and your victim immediately begins to look a bit green around the gills, if not to say downright panicky.

This is no idle statement, for I have many times experienced the same feeling of approaching illness myself. Once I am assured of the fact that there really is to be a test, I rack my brains to find the most effective method to avoid it. After toying with the idea of being suddenly stricken with brain fever and therefore being forced to remain at home the following day, I reject it as a bad job. For, above all—and, besides, brain fever is so scarce.

Having decided to face it like a little man, I finally chose the silent concentration method of study and at 7:00 P. M. sharp have settled

myself for an evening of profitable (I hope) study. The harsh shrilling of the telephone interrupts my resolution—after talking for ten minutes I discover that it is a wrong number. Again I sit down to my task and again I am interrupted, this time by the doorbell. Fuller Brush salesmen are so hard to get rid of, and a half hour later I wearily return to my work, only to discover that my kid brother is using my French book for target practice. Employing forceful methods, I induce him to part with it on the grounds that I need it more than he does. Having been vanquished in one battle, the dear little brat wins another, aided by the latest episode of "The Lone Ranger". A well-aimed book silences my brother's cries of "Heigh-ho, Silver!", but also upsets an entire bottle of ink on the pages, thereby completely annihilating my long-suffering French verbs. I go to bed firm in the resolution that *Justice is not*. The following day I quietly resolve to bluff it out, after rising at dawn to cram my cranium full to overflowing with a hodge-podge of French verbs. Arriving at school, I find the following notice is pinned to the bulletin board: "French verb test postponed due to Senior Assembly." Such things simply weaken one's morale!

On Eating Celery

Betty Davis, '40

THERE just aren't words to describe it—that noise. But, it's positively disgusting. I sit down to dinner with apparently civilized, refined men and women. They hold their little fingers just so; they don't speak with their mouths full; they tweak their mustaches with nonchalance; they know which silver to use when and if; they daintily dot their mouths with the corners of their napkins. Yes, their etiquette is exquisitely elegant, until—the celery is passed. Since I am at the end of the receiving line, I scrutinize the others, all too carefully. My good friends each lift choice morsels of the subject of attack to their plates and sprinkle a little salt along the entire hollow. Then, with exactly the right timing and hesitancy, they lift the stalks, leaves and all, to their innocent-looking mouths, and the bombardment contest begins. They're off! As if at the report of a starting-gun, all open their mouths wide, showing every tooth, as if to receive baseballs or all-day suckers.

Crrrrunch! Clamp! All clamp their teeth together at the same moment, after having sunk them through the various planes of the celery. The first step, No. 1, is finished.

Now comes what would be, to me, the most embarrassing step of any. Step No. 2. It is to extract from the mouth the remaining piece which has been bitten off. How *is* one to know whether one has bitten through every single string? One cannot look crosswise down one's nose to see whether there are any lingering strings which have not been slaughtered, can one? Definitely not. Therefore, how is one to know at what rate to pull the piece of undigested problem away? If the two parts are hitched, it is necessary to draw them together and fracture the intervening bits of association. (While no one is looking, of course.) If they are miraculously separated, it is possible to proceed to the next step. But, how *is* one to know?

To get back to my friends. All have, during this brief pause for steps-one-and-two identification, in some way extracted their parts and have laid the remaining halves gently upon their plates. Now the bombarding contest, Step No. 3, begins. Whether there is a prize for the juiciest, noisiest, sloshiest, chew I don't know. It appears that way, and they certainly present a problem for any judge to decide the winner, such competent competitors are they.

This disgusting battle lasts about one minute—just long enough for the store of ammunition to reach me. Until this episode, I have enjoyed celery very much, but now all the joy is gone. In fact, I hold a distinct dislike for it. With a great effort, I don my best Sunday-go-to-meeting grin and kindly refuse, muttering something about not caring particularly for celery, thank you.

Now take it from a more scientific angle. Can't something be done about this social problem? There *must* be some way by which a portion of the turgor can be taken out. They grow seedless oranges; they take the noise from typewriters without hurting the machines. Why can't they take the noise out of celery without changing the general make-up? Creamed cheese or some-such filling usually does a little good, but still the muffled-cannon munch is there. Perhaps it might be a good idea to let the whole stalk wither before it is triumphantly placed on the table. While they're about it, they might as well take out the strings before they grow it.

Please don't let me give you the wrong impression. I have nothing against celery. It is a wholesome, nourishing food which stimulates the gums and makes your hair curly. Dentists advise it, and chefs artistically garnish their salads with its leaves. What I am criticizing is the aggressor, not the attacked.

If one can't eat celery silently, which is not humanly possible, why can't one stealthily place it in one's pocket (!!), to be used at a future date? (A date with the moon and stars exclusively.)

While I'm on the subject and have thus far been so candid, I have one last, frank question to ask. Here it is! Is it possible for a person with false teeth to eat a piece of . . . without disturbing or dislodging his plates or in any way molesting his ivories?

Dreamin'

Roberta Jones, '40

UP through a mist of moonbeams,
Down through a vale of rain,
Scattering through the Milky Way
And up through the skies again;
Nightly I make my voyage—
With only the moon to see—
To the blue, blue rim of Forever
And on to Eternity!

On My First Date

Patty Berg, '41

MY first date!!—how well I remember it! My hero—a dashing young man of fifteen, who had bewildered me during the summer with reminiscences of his own valor upon each and every occasion. Never had he been bested in heroic deeds, however!

For this first date, I had planned to give the gentleman a surprise, and as he had lived in the West and had not had the occasion or opportunity to venture out in a boat, I had planned a sail in my small beetlecat.

Arriving at the dock, I told him of my plan, and the abundance of my own enthusiasm quite overshadowed a look of pain upon his brow! I instructed him to sit in the stern and allowed him to steer, while I busied myself with the sails and the business of leaving the dock.

It was not until we were well out into the harbor that I turned from my preoccupation to beam upon the "beat of my heart." What was my surprise and horror to see upon his face a look of real terror and fear of an early and watery grave! A greenish tinge began to appear on his pallid face and he gazed fervently and longingly at the not-so distant shore. With a reckless movement I tacked, and a horrified shriek emitted from his pale lips. I cast a disgusted glance at him, but as the greenish tinge was rapidly becoming more



permanent I hastily came about and made for the shore. When we finally reached the dock, he jumped out of the boat and sat weakly on the pier—a pale, bedraggled figure.

I remained in the boat sadly surveying in my disillusionment my *brave* and *daring* hero, who was fervently muttering—"good old terra firma!"

When Spring Comes —

Madalyn Hathaway, '42

BILLY stared gloomily out of the seventh period study window to the crystal clear pond that sparkled under the bright spring sun. Gloomy is right! Why was it that every time he went to ask Polly Ann to the biggest time in March, the Easter Bunny's Hop, his feet felt four times as large as they normally were, his hands seemed to be made for nothing but to be in the way, and the words he had planned ever so carefully faded swiftly into the past so all that he muttered when they met were "Hi" and "So long"?

Billy knew too that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to . . . but he also knew that a study period was no time to think of such a thing. Wearily he turned his thoughts back to that tiring English theme. Bill struggled some twenty minutes with the *thing* and still the words had neither rhyme nor reason. It just wasn't any use! He would have to ask

Polly now or give up forever doing his English, but then if he couldn't get up enough of that so-called manly courage, nobody was going to do it for him.

Thinking for a moment, Billy decided to try the poem once more. Looking thoughtfully at the ceiling for that word to rhyme with sky, all he could see were the words, Polly Ann, Easter Bunny's Hop, Courage, and Bashful. If he didn't ask her soon, some one else would take her.

Plop! With a dull thud Billy heard something hit the floor. Glancing down he saw a bit of folded white paper; he opened it slowly expecting to see John's masculine scribble, but instead saw the dainty, feminine hand so familiar to him. Why, of course, none other than Polly's! Surely *she* wouldn't ask him to the Hop. Yes, that was the reason! Leap Year!!!

The White Mask

Eunice MacDougall, '41



AS he stumbled through the dark silent forest, Jerry Packard felt a queer dizziness overcome him. He must get out of this frightful place. How, he asked himself over and over again, had he managed to get into such a predicament? Why was he here?

He couldn't seem to recall these things. His head resembled a whirlpool inside; his whole body felt weak and nervous, and he sensed that something horrible was about to happen. He tried to breathe more steadily, but something in his throat seemed to choke him. Too weary

to trudge farther, he slumped to the cold ground with a pitiful groan.

Suddenly he felt that someone was near him. He raised his head weakly, and there, emerging stealthily from the brush, was a mighty figure wearing a mask to cover his nose and mouth. It wasn't a black mask, but a white one.

In his hand the stranger carried a knife. The blade was long and curved, and it shone horribly in the sunlight which pierced the dimness of the forest with weird shapes and shadows.

Jerry covered his face with his hands in a gesture of acute fright. He had no strength to run from this fantastic form. All the boy could do was to throw himself at the mercy of the man.

Suddenly, as the man approached, Jerry heard faint voices. Someone was coming! Was it help, or were the masked man's friends following him? He could hear the voices drawing near.

His voice ached with a steady, throbbing pain. If only he could die, he would be happy. Then he heard a voice say, "Watch him carefully for a few hours. He's coming out of it."

He opened his eyes slowly. Standing over him was a man in a white apron. He held a white mask in his hand.

"Well, young man," he said with a smile, "that wasn't so bad, was it? Your throat will be sore for a few days, but at least your tonsils won't plague you any longer!"

Jerry closed his eyes in a gesture of relief. He smiled faintly at Dr. Abbott and murmured, "Thanks, Doc."

Winter Sunset

Shirley Landers, '41

A CABIN stands, bleak and forlorn,
Desolate against the evening skies,
Walls brown-stained and weatherworn,
Windows like bleak, staring eyes.

The sunset bathes the earth with gold,
The pines are black against the sun,
In outlines, slender, black, and bold,
The birches are sketched when day is done.

Yet there is sadness in the air,
One almost feels the evening chill,
When dusk comes from the hidden lair
And creeps like a phantom up the hill.

On Mowing The Lawn

Eunice MacDougall, '41

AT the wise age of seventeen, my cousin Jitters has learned that there is more to mowing a lawn than meets the eye. "There's more to it than pushing the old thing around," Jitters tells me bitterly. "There's more than lame muscles and backache. There is heartache, too. At least, that's what I managed to get."

Poor Jitters! He's such a sentimentalist. He continues to tell me his woeful tale. "I wanted so much to watch the movers next door. A new family was moving in, and I hadn't missed a moving on our street since I was five years old. I would have been much better off if I *had* been watching the men."

"I finished the front yard in jig time. The movers were at the back, and I figured it wouldn't do any harm if I watched as I worked. I didn't work long after I reached the back yard, however. Did you ever try to push a lawn mower and watch an angel hanging out clothes at the same time? It's impossible! Finally I decided that I'd have to give up one or the other. By that time I had run into the apple tree four times!

"The next thing I knew, I was walking toward the angel. I was still pushing the lawn mower. I was so charmed by her friendly smile that before I realized what I was saying I had offered to mow her lawn, too. She accepted my unconscious offer gratefully. We

talked about the weather, and finally the conversation turned to school.

"I'll bet you're a senior," I told her hopefully.

"Oh, no," she answered, "I graduated last year."

"That was my tough luck, and there was more to come. If I had only known!"

At this point in the story Jitters usually gazes into space for thirty full seconds. Then he clears his throat and continues.

"Suddenly a car drove into the yard. Upon closer inspection, I saw that a young man drove it. He was about twenty-two years old.

"Your brother?" I asked.

"Guess again!" she laughed.

"Your cousin?"

"Nope!"

"Your boy-friend?" This time I hoped I was wrong.

"The very best! He's my husband!"

Jitters clears his throat here, too.

"I have hated mowing lawns more than ever since then," he murmurs.

At the end of his story my advice to poor, heart-broken Jitters is, "Keep away from 'angels'; keep your mind on your lawn mowing, and don't lose your heart until you're sure she's single!" Poor Jitters!

Spring

Gertrude Atkinson, '41

WHEN Springtime makes her annual call,
My heart is light and gay;
She lifts the burdensome winter's shawl,
And carries my gloom away.

The friendly trees once more are green,
The flowers again are in bloom;
Old Spring bestows her youthful sheen
On river and lake and dune.

The birds return to sing in the trees,
To gladden the day with song;
They, with the help of the busy bees,
Make the world a happy throng.



MURDERS IN THE RUE BARBE

(Continued from Page 6)

three figures filed in behind each other.

"Good work, 201-20X," said the tallest of them, pulling off his heavy black gloves. He slapped the addressee on the back with a knife. "He knows too much, and he is susceptible to the wiles of femininity. With that girl on our hands we can brook no fools." The others gulped. "Aha! You also are weakening!" the tall one cried, his eyes flashing pink and gold. Thus speaking, he whipped out a small flare pistol and burned them to the ground. "Henceforth, the Black Intelligence works alone!" He walked back to the rocket ship, whispering in his teeth. The plans were set. He would go to Allyton and demand complete control of U. S. S. U. as ransom. If refused, he would blow the planet to tiny bits!

The fate of the Universe was in his scaly hands.

* * *

In his offices at the capital city of Allyton, President Brandon was reviewing the day's news. His wide synthetic desk supported a small machine on which his eyes were fastened (this machine, invented by Phineas Gilch, was a Master Communicator, a multi-transmitter of sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch). An attendant opened the door; Brandon jumped up.

"Any news of my daughter?" he cried.

"Only this note someone just found in the garden," said the attendant. President Brandon took the paper and read aloud.

"The Black Intelligence shall return at 2:00 P. M."

President Brandon looked at the clock. 1:59 P. M.! He brought his right fist down on the desk, breaking a metatassel.

"This is the last treachery of the Black Intelligence or, methinks, my name is not Franklin Delano Brandon!"

"The lookout will sound an alarum, sir, when the blackguard appears!" said the attendant. Trumpets sounded outside.

"The Black Intelligence!" cried F. D. B.

"Yes, the Black Intelligence," sneered a voice as a rocket ship shot in through the wall. A masked figure jumped out.

"Your daughter is in my power, my dear Brandon. Unless you turn over U. S. S. U. to me, I shall be forced to destroy not only Allyton, but also the life, heh, heh, of your sweet and charming daughter!" The last words seemed to drool from his tongue.

"This is just another of your ruses, villain!" said the President, his eyes afire.

"Haha! A ruse, eh?" hissed the Black Intelligence. "We shall see!" He ran to the side of his ship and pressed a button. Immediately the whole planet shook and blew apart, flying into space in an infinite number of pieces.

Fortunately, at that moment, Joan, Gilch, and Superman appeared, and the latter caught all the pieces and fitted them back together before anyone noticed the difference.

"Foiled!" cried the Black Intelligence.

Phineas Gilch walked over to him and peered at his mask. "At last we shall find out who you are," he said. He snatched off the mask.

"Doctor Cyril!" The group was speechless.

"Now don't be hasty, fellows," Cyril began. "It was all a joke."

"A joke! Well, it's on you now," flashed the quick-witted Disintegrator.

"You'll hang for this, Cyril!" Brandon put in. Doctor Cyril stood curling his upper lip. He spoke.

"But first you all shall die!" He aimed a rocket pistol at Brandon. Before he could press the trigger he crumpled in a heap.

A true-spiced spittle had pierced his head. Superman again had triumphed.

April

Natalie Robertson, '42

APRIL, month of hope, we greet thee.
 May your tears at last give way to smiles,
 For we would fain at last be free
 From blizzard blasts and wintry wilds.
 We're trusting you, capricious one,
 To haste the coming of Maytime flowers;
 So withdraw your tears in favor of the sun
 Oh, sweet month of smiles and showers.

The Dictator

Gertrude Atkinson, '41

O puny being, who tries to rule men's
destinies
By evil forces loosed upon his land!
Whence came the strong and brutal power
That flows so easily from thy hand?
Has ambition, fanned by youthful strife and
woe,
Warped such a mind, that under careful rein
Might find the means to love, not take a life,
To help relieve the world of sorrow, grief, and
pain?
O little man, whose foolish acts have blazed
the world,
Be civil—let freedom's banners be unfurled!

On Hobbies

Virginia Rowe, '41

FOR relaxation and rest after a strenuous day's work a hobby is usually recommended. Some nimble-minded people take sleeping as their hobby-horse and "go-to-town" pursuing it.

Shunning such down-right laziness, you start out to take the doctor's prescription and advice to heart by investing in an inexpensive pastime—collecting miniatures, stamps, buttons, bottles, or some other easily obtained and pleasure-giving collection. You might, however, make yours a creative or profit-making interest such as sewing, carving, or any of the other handicrafts.

Let us take, for example, one of the common ones—collecting miniature animals. Full of enthusiasm you gather up any of those that have found their way into your home and are collecting dust on the mantle, or piano, or any other convenient place. These you then carry to your own room where they are carefully placed on tables and dressers to begin where they left off—collecting dust.

Purchases at the town's best 5 & 10 increase your collection to a total of fifteen by the end of the first week and decrease your allowance approximately one dollar!

Sunday dawns, bleak and dreary, and after services you settle down to an afternoon's

reading session. The funnies read and approved, you turn to the feature section and there, what do your wandering eyes behold but a hobby page with pictures and letters from collectors! A lengthy survey of the page reveals at least five fans with the same pastime as yours. Two of these wish to exchange with others and before the afternoon is over you have packed, wrapped, and mailed half of your collection to these two enthusiasts.

With pen-pals to increase your collection and the neighbors who bring in everything from the dog's toy mouse to Junior's play things adding their bit, your collection grows in leaps and bounds. At length your bedroom looks like a pawn shop, and in desperation you literally go on a diet in order to purchase an old-fashioned what-not to house your miniature zoo.

Time marches on! Letters pour in by the dozens! Hobbyists everywhere call to see your wonderful collection! Your lunch hours are shortened by interviews and your night is spent in answering letters and entertaining callers. Even on the days off you don't get a rest—you spend the day dusting off "les objets d'art."

Rest and relaxation? Never! Your hobby takes all your time! Who was the smarty who suggested sleeping??? More power to you!!!

The Adventures Of Druscilla Dayton

Druscilla and the Lion

Carol Barrows, '41

Muriel Gediman, '41

DRUSCILLA DAYTON, called "Drizzle" for short, disconsolately paced the floor of her luxurious Fifth Avenue penthouse. The sudden ring of the doorbell caught her in the middle of a B flat yawn and open-mouthed she dashed to the door. A shivering, six-foot expressman stuttered an unintelligible jumble of words, handed her a letter, and bolted. Bewildered, Druscilla opened the letter and read: "Dear Druscilla,

Since your last visit to my zoo, 'Dearie-puss' has just drooped around here moping for you. Knowing of your fondness for him even as a child prompted me to send him to you by express. Hoping that this will cure him and please you, I am

Devotedly yours,

Uncle Desmond."

Druscilla gave a scream of delight and dashed down to the lobby where she beheld her beloved "Dearie-puss" surrounded by a crowd of curious onlookers. She ran towards the huge wooden crate in which a large lion gazed affectionately at her, and she exclaimed, "'Dearie-puss'! You old darling!!! Is-ums in a nassy old crate? Drizzle'll get him out." Druscilla quickly let "Dearie-puss" out and scratched him soothingly under his chin while he purred contentedly. Seeing the aghast expressions of the crowd, she hastened to assure them that he was really quite tame, and gushing baby talk she led him proudly upstairs.

However, Druscilla soon encountered difficulties in the person of the management. After fifteen heavenly minutes alone with "Dearie-puss" there came an ominous knock at the door. "Drizzle" opened the door and admitted the obsequious manager. "Heh! heh!" he began, "I uh, heh! heh! heard uh . . . rumors that er, uh, you uh have a *new* roomer. Heh heh! If you'll pardon my little jest. You, uh, know that the De Luxe Apartments cannot, heh; heh!, permit any such thing. So I'm afraid that either you or er-ah 'Dearie-puss' must go!" At this juncture the manager's roving eye viewed the unusual spectacle of a lion calmly sipping milk from a gilded soup tureen in the middle of the most expensive suite of the De Luxe Apartments. The manager literally followed in the steps of the expressman, and he too bolted.

Druscilla thought! She continued to think. Then she thought some more. The situation was decidedly unique. Obviously, they couldn't

remain here; but where could one go with one's newly acquired lion? Then she had an inspiration! Why not go to Africa? "Dearie-puss" would be in his natural environment, and besides, *she* had never been to Africa. That was the perfect (and only) solution!

* * * *

A month later we see Druscilla in her rented bungalow gradually becoming acclimated to life in the heart of Africa. But where is "Dearie-puss"?

"Here 'Dearie-pussy, pussy, pussy'—where are you, 'Dearie-puss'?" Out of the dense underbrush a lion stalked majestically. "Does-ums wantums dinner! Drizzle'll get it. Eee-ek!!!" Druscilla gave a shriek of terror. This was *not* "Dearie-puss"! She and the lion fled in opposite directions. As she entered the bungalow, "Dearie-puss", who had been snoozing in the bath tub, madly dashed out in hot pursuit of the fast vanishing lion, the first of his kind that he had encountered.

"Dearie-puss" did not come home for supper. He did not come home all night. He didn't come home for breakfast. Druscilla was frantic—wild with anxiety! After a day of watchful, though futile waiting, she resigned herself to the inevitable fact that "Dearie-puss" had gone.

For three long months Druscilla waited and hoped in vain. On one of her usual excursions through the deep jungle of Africa, Druscilla heard a familiar growl. She turned quickly to the right and saw—"Dearie-puss"! Not only did she see "Dearie-puss", but also "Mrs. Dearie-puss" and four little "Dearie-pussies" gamboling happily around 'neath the tropical sun.

A sad, disillusioned Druscilla left on the next boat for New York. Despite her sorrow, she had decided that it would be best to leave "Dearie-puss" among his own kind where he obviously was happiest. And who was she to break up a family?

Druscilla Dayton, called "Drizzle" for short, disconsolately paced the floor of her luxurious Fifth Avenue penthouse. The sudden ring of the door-bell . . .

* * * *

(Read the fall issue of the "Lawrencian" to hear another thrilling Druscilla Dayton adventure!)

Persevering Fishermen

Charlotte McKenzie, '40

JOINING the staff of investigators at the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in 1938, Matthew Prescott*, a Harvard graduate, took his first ocean voyage on the ketch "Atlantis" in the following year. Very conscientiously he kept a day-by-day diary starting with the day on which the vessel left its Woods Hole dock on January 30.

Jan. 30. Set sail from Woods Hole at 3:20 P. M. Sea choppy. Contributed to the fishes' food supply.

Jan. 31. Ran into light fog which lifted before noon. Noticed signs of approaching storm.

Feb. 1. Heavy rain starting at 4:00 in afternoon. Kept up all night. Rough sea made me feel very much like land lubber. Just about half way to our destination.

Feb. 2. In spite of drizzly weather and rolling sea, made excellent time. Escaped path of real storm. Feel sure of my sea legs.

Feb. 3. Reached Blake Plateau in Gulf Stream by early morning. Not much activity except preparation for future work.

Feb. 4. First perfect day. In morning made first sub-surface observations with water bottles.

Feb. 5. Made two stations 45 miles apart. First one took 5 hours and second took 6. Covered about 100 miles.

Feb. 6. Ideal weather conditions in morning. Lowered plankton net and obtained valuable catch. Got good load of fish for U. S. Bureau of Fisheries scientist. In late afternoon barometer started to fall.

Feb. 7. Wind blew at gale force. Enormous waves. Scientific work impossible. All hands worked feverishly at height of storm.

Feb. 8. Peak of gale. Wind even more fierce than yesterday's. Jib boom got broken. No other serious damage. Barometer began to rise at midnight.

Feb. 9. Normal conditions once again. Morning spent in doing repair work. Time for one station for hydrographic bottle. Crew member sick, perhaps dangerously. Made for land.

Feb. 10. No investigations possible. All speed necessary to get ill man to port. Packed his side with ice. Fear appendicitis.



—Photo by Anna May Fuller

KETCH ATLANTIS

The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution was founded to further the study of all branches of oceanography. To carry out this purpose it maintains a sea-going vessel, the "Atlantis", besides a land laboratory. The "Atlantis" is a ketch rigged Diesel auxiliary, 142 feet in length. There is sufficient room to accommodate a crew of eighteen and a scientific staff of five. There are two scientific laboratories amidships. This boat cruises to various parts of the world to collect scientific material and to make current observations. Then it returns to Woods Hole where the scientists experiment on their specimens and draw conclusions which are invaluable to the field of oceanography.

- Feb. 11.* Reached land. Rushed patient to hospital. Put to sea again. Lowered dredge for geological samples. Also used weighted metal tube to procure vertical core of bottom deposits.
- Feb. 12.* Made tests of wind velocity with pilot balloon. Obtained material from sea floor with automatic snapper.
- Feb. 13.* Prepared buoys with cameras, small explosives, seismographs and salt bags for tomorrow's experiments. Did a little work with Peterson Grab for sea bottom samples.
- Feb. 14.* Sent buoys down. Small bombs exploded. Salt bags decreased in size as salt melted, and weights slipped off. Buoys rose to surface with seismographic recordings of sound waves and with pictures snapped by cameras. Failed to find two buoys.
- Feb. 15.* Continued search for lost buoys all morning. Found one after lunch several miles from where it had gone down. Barometer falling again.
- Feb. 16.* Weather whipped up quite a sea. No rain. Sea too strong for delicate instruments. Did considerable work in the Lab.

Feb. 17. Made our last observations; did a little bit of fishing (for food); and then started on the homeward pull.

Feb. 18. Encountered a little squall which blew over quickly. Had a little celebration for my birthday. Signs of more bad weather.

Feb. 19. Real heart of storm hit us as we neared home. Tossed around for hours but received no damages.

Feb. 20. Although set back half a day because of wind and rough sea, managed to stick quite closely to schedule. Put in at Woods Hole at 6:10 P. M. Good old "terra firma" felt great!

*Fictitious name.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

The Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution was founded in 1930 . . . Dr. Henry B. Bigelow was its first director . . . It is financed by the Rockefeller Institution . . . Dr. C. O. Iselin, the present director, is the outstanding authority on the Gulf Stream . . . Captain Frederick S. MacMurray now captains the ketch . . . The "Atlantis" has two fair-sized laboratories?

James Otis — Patriot

Muriel Gediman, '41

DO we hear a groan from our stalwart readers as they gaze at that apparently uninteresting title? To be perfectly honest with you, until very recently when we inquired into the deep and dark past of Mr. Otis, our reaction would have been much the same. However, for the general edification of our readers and ourselves we proceeded to the library and commenced to pore over various reference books in the hope of discovering the reason for the sudden desire of Cape Cod to make the entire United States James Otis-conscious.

We emerged from the library immersed in historical data and extremely impressed with the importance of friend James. It seems that among the great patriots of our country James Otis, in all probability, is the one mentioned the least. He is, we found, most undeserving of this oblivion.

Born in West Barnstable in 1725, he attended school there and was graduated from Harvard in 1743, emerging as a brilliant lawyer. After practicing law in various places, he was appointed advocate-general at the Court of Admiralty. In this position it was his duty to speak in defense of Great Britain as to the legality of the historic writs of assistance.

Apparently, however, he felt that his real duty and loyalty were to his own country and countrymen, for he resigned his position and argued brilliantly against these writs of assistance, calling them, among other things, villainy and slavery. His speech created intense excitement and aroused in many people the urge to take up arms against Great Britain.

To continue with the career of our illustrious patriot, however, he was a member of Congress in 1765, a representative of Boston in the Massachusetts General Court, later elected Speaker of the House, and an influential member of the Stamp-Act Congress. To quote the Encyclopedia Britannica: "He wrote various state papers and his influence at home in controlling and directing the movement of events which led to the Revolutionary War was universally felt and acknowledged; and abroad no American was so frequently quoted, denounced, or applauded in Parliament and the English press before 1769 as James Otis, the recognized head and chief of the rebellious spirit of the New England colonists." It has also been said of him, "He breathed the breath of life into the Revolution." At the time of his death President Adams mourned, "He left a noble character that will never die."



Lend A Hand!

Betty Davis, Editor

FOSTER world brotherhood! Lend a hand to the less fortunate! Give your pennies to the *Children's Crusade for Children*, which typifies this spirit of world amity!

This Crusade, endorsed by Mrs. Herbert Canby and Dorothy Canfield Fisher is non-partisan, non-sectarian, and independently financed. It has a two-fold purpose. First, it is a "thank offering from the American children for the blessings of having a country like their own to live in." Second, it "provides material assistance to the homeless in warring nations."

Primarily supported by school children, this movement for raising funds to help the destitute should be instrumental in making pupils appreciate this country of free schooling and no military conscription. Also, it should make them realize that in Europe and Asia there are other children not so fortunate as they—children in war-torn lands who have no pennies for gum and candy, nor even food and shelter. It is being conducted to help young Americans realize that these German, Polish, Finnish, Czechoslovakian, Chinese, and Spanish unfortunates are not foreigners, not refugees, not aliens, but just children like themselves!

A Jury of Award, composed of distinguished and representative Americans, will distribute the funds. These funds and the support of the movement are promoted by Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, newspapers, radio broadcasters and companies, motion picture leaders, authors, and schools. School children, the main support, will give as many pennies as they are years old. While the other 29,999,746 students contribute their coins between April 22 and 30, not only L. H. S., but also all the Falmouth schools are certain to do more than their share.

Lend a hand! Help the *Children's Crusade for Children* carry on its worthwhile work.

Editorial Pointers

Muriel Gediman, Associate Editor

We see by the papers that this is Leap Year. Perhaps *that*, and not the fact that spring is here, accounts for the sudden increase in the number of romances in L. H. S.

* * *

Spring, gentle spring! What a field day for the poets. If all the bad poetry that has been written about Spring were placed end to end, it would reach from here to there. And if you ask us, we'd rather have it there than here.

* * *

The renovation of the statues around L. H. S. is an education in itself. We shall not feel quite so impersonal when looking at them now; there's something so intimate about seeing them taken apart joint by joint.

* * *

The newly installed sprinkler system undoubtedly adds to the safety of the school, but gosh! what it does to its beauty.

* * *

We hear that there are some who think the pipes and faucets running in front of Mr. Ballard's modernistic mural are all part of the artist's design.

* * *

After careful study and investigation, this column has decided that chaperons of Senior Washington trips are the unsung martyrs of the age.

* * *

A word to the carefree Seniors whose motto seems to be "*Tomorrow will take care of itself.*" It won't!! So better start planning for next year.

* * *

Don't be alarmed! Those prominent Falmouth citizens (male) wandering the streets are not amnesia sufferers. They are merely the victims of "spring cleaning".

The Third Term ?

Milford Hatch, '40

AS convention time draws near, there is one question which crops up nearly everywhere one goes: *Will President Roosevelt run for a third term?* Up until a few weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt skillfully parried the question whenever it was put to him bluntly. Recently, however, the President has apparently been annoyed when asked for an answer. He would state his intention when he pleased and until that time the third term would be an outlawed subject, he said. Mr. Roosevelt declared that he, as well as the general public, was tired of the whole matter.

Yet the question remains one of the most important and absorbing in American politics. Until it is answered, neither Democrats nor Republicans can plan their presidential campaigns.

Anti-third-termers say that the President's long delay in stating his aim proves that he still has the idea of running in his head. To them this is nothing short of sacrilege, and in direct opposition to a precedent fixed for all time by history.

Many people carry the misconception that George Washington was the author of the two-term tradition. Actually it was Thomas Jefferson who established the precedent. Washington was in favor of more than two terms, and he quit after two terms only because of personal reasons. Jefferson believed that no man should serve too long as President. He established the tradition in his autobiography when he said that four presidents—Washington, Jef-

ferson, Madison, and Monroe—had retired after eight years in office, thus forming a precedent. This Jeffersonian tradition has withstood the shock of many an election and remains unbroken today.

Naturally, in view of the great historical background of the tradition, interest is high as to whether Roosevelt will break it. There are many arguments which say that the President is holding off for political reasons and that he doesn't intend to run again. Supporters of this theory say that the President is keeping quiet because his name has great prestige abroad; if he steps out of the political picture our power in world affairs might be lessened. Too, he may be playing politics, hoping to give the presidential nomination to a man who would follow his procedure. Others say that his reticence is only a sign that he does intend to run, and that by remaining quiet he is only encouraging those who would have him enjoy a third term.

Much criticism has failed to provoke the President from his silence. Even threats of passage of an anti-third-term resolution in the Senate have brought forth no reply. Most guesses on the matter say that he will not run again. The political and personal risks are far too great, especially if he should lose. Popular polls indicate that the American public respects the Jefferson tradition, but until the President himself comes out with the answer, the third term will remain a matter of complete speculation.

A Cape Cod Patriot

Muriel Gediman, Associate Editor

RECENTLY there has been considerable agitation by prominent historians to bring to the public eye the true greatness of James Otis and his undisputed service to our country. At a recent meeting the Barnstable County Bar Association voted to create and did create the James Otis Foundation for the purpose of erecting a suitable memorial to James Otis.

If this project is a success, future generations will study in addition to Paul Revere, Patrick Henry, and Benjamin Franklin, the equally important patriot, James Otis; a memorial similar, perhaps, to the famous pilgrim memorial at Provincetown will be built in West Barnstable; and the world will belatedly learn of this illustrious native of Cape Cod who has unaccountably been ignored completely by most historians.

Lawrencian Wins First Place

AT the sixteenth annual convention of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association the *Lawrencian* was awarded first place in its class of high schools with an enrollment of 300 or less. Members of the staff are justly proud in saying that the *Lawrencian* and the *Clay Tablet* of Claymont, Delaware, were the two highest in their class.

For More Comfortable Assemblies

250 into 100 is poor arithmetic. It's also uncomfortable when 250 pupils try to crowd into a room built to accommodate 100. Couldn't we use the J. H. S. auditorium for an assembly once in a while?

Congratulations To Us

Muriel Gediman, Associate Editor

IT is gratifying to note that the efforts of our determined editorial staff have at last proved fruitful. In the recent issue of the *Lawrencian* there were two editorials in criticism of existing conditions: namely, (1) the fixing of a definite schedule for tests with the subsequent improvement of marks resulting therefrom and (2) the importance and the necessity of an Art Department.

Schedules have now been regulated so that two or three tests do not come on the same day and this year the School Department includes an appropriation for an art instructor.

We are quietly rejoicing, for both of these steps were necessary and are a decided improvement in our school system.

Figuratively speaking, we are patting ourselves on the back since we feel that our editorials were instrumental in bringing about these changes. We suggest that if you have any material problems or recommendations which would benefit or improve our school, that you bring them to the attention of the editors. We, in turn, through the medium of our editorial column will try to bring them to the attention of the proper authorities.

Does Falmouth Need A New High School?

Milford Hatch, '40

ONCE again attention has been called to the old question: *Does Falmouth Need a New High School?* Recent town meeting developments brought out the fact that most of our voters prefer indefinite postponement of the whole affair. Some even went so far as to say that because the school was adequate in 1895, it should be now. This statement is absolutely ridiculous. Forty-eight years must have produced an increase in the number of Falmouth high school pupils. We all realize that the town is not financially able to build a new and satisfactory school at present, but do we all realize the conditions which exist in L. H. S. today?

Foremost, perhaps, in the list of poor conditions is the overcrowding. Packing 250 pupils into a school built to accommodate 130 is not only objectionable, but also difficult. During assembly periods the Main Room is so full that the walls are lined with those forced to stand. Classes are being held perforce in small, ill-lighted, and poorly-ventilated rooms. This condition in itself will soon become so aggravated as to make a new building absolutely necessary.

Second, but almost equally important in regard to the pupils' welfare, are the poor lighting, heating, ventilating, humidifying, and sanitary conditions. Even with the strongest of bulbs, lights are so poorly placed and reflection so totally disregarded that studying and reading are unpleasant and distinctly harmful to the eyes. So obsolete is the heating and ventilating system in the school, that rarely is a room kept at the right temperature. Classrooms are either insufferably hot and stuffy or else unbearably

chilly. Humidity is an unthought of quantity. Perhaps if it were improved, absences due to colds might diminish. Medical authorities seem to think so anyway. Sanitary conditions are of the worst, both basements being inadequate, poorly lighted, and badly ventilated. This is not any one person's fault; you just can't make something out of nothing.

Third on our list of offensive, yet still existing, circumstances is the lack of proper laboratory equipment and experimental rooms. This is a hardship particularly to those who intend to take up science in college. Instead of being able to do experiments individually, pupils must watch them done by an instructor and learn accordingly. This type of learning is, at best, a distant second to first hand experimentation. Graduates who have gone on to institutes of higher learning all complain that they need this work for satisfactory completion of college courses.

Fourth, and last, condition which we will mention, is the blackboard situation. Undoubtedly L. H. S. had good blackboards in its infancy. However, today, the boards can hardly be written on and, when they are, the writing is nearly indistinguishable. A distinct handicap to all classes, the old blackboards grow worse and worse.

In conclusion, may we reiterate that we know the town cannot immediately furnish a new school building such as is needed. But, please, when the question is brought up, don't just shelve the matter indefinitely; think about it and formulate your plans. Falmouth has the best of teachers and better than average pupils. Why not put them in a good school?

In The Lighter Vein

GEOMETRY A LA L. H. S.

Muriel Gediman, '41

GEOMETRY class dragged on and on,
Over here a sigh, over there a yawn.
Mr. Ballard drew circles and lines and arcs,
We just had to watch, or woe to our marks.

We exerted our efforts to look intent;
He felt in our minds he had made a dent.
So thinking we'd mastered the ABC's,
He went on further into the D's.

He thus brought forth a thought long treasured;
"A curved line can not be measured."
A word spoke Jim Wright, the class sheik and
wit,
"That must be why girls' clothes never fit!"

NO SCHOOL

Patty Berg, '41

THERE may be sour sounds sweeter,
Perhaps a minstrel's lay;
But to me the the fairest note of all
Is the 21 — no school today.
In the midst of a wild and stormy morn,
As it rings out loud and clear,
I burrow again into my bed—
No English tests I fear.

When I am done, and life is old,
Gabriel's trumpet ring;
Fond memories come flocking
And certain efforts bring;
But while I wait and wonder
Or ponder the Golden Rule;
I'll still hear the ghostly echo of
21 — no school — no school!

WHY I BOUGHT A SHOTGUN

Donald Graham, '42

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
But through the woods I chanced to roam,
And under my arm, took a rabbit home.

I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
But the rabbit's owner heard—and say,
He made me pay and pay and pay.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke.
If ever I find where that man is now,
I'll make him think I paid for a cow.
L. B. Morbid

MY HOMEWORK 'TIS OF THEE

Lyle Long, '42

MY homework, 'tis of thee,
Cause of my misery,
Of thee I wail.
I dread thy strainful work;
You make me squirm and irk;
It is from thee I shirk,
Oh my homework.

My nightly homework, thee,
From thee I wish to flee,
Thy name I dread.
I dread thy might and main;
O'er thee I sweat and strain;
Thou art an awful pain,
Oh my homework.

Let homework slide away,
Do it another day,
Is my theme song.
You make my body shake;
My heart doth always break,
When of thee I partake,
Oh my homework.

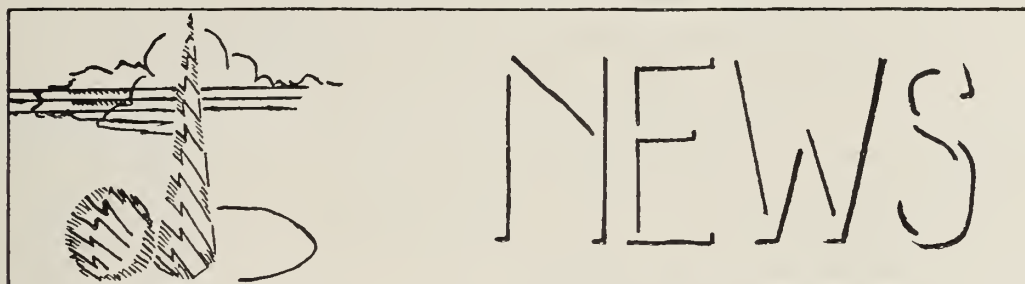
This song I wail to thee,
Author of misery,
To thee I wail.
Long may my mind be bright
Without thy awful fright,
Protect me from thy sight,
Oh my homework.

ALLERGIC?

Robert Simmons, '40

YOU would be greatly amused by an incident I saw the other day, though far be it from me to predict or even suggest what you will laugh at. You may be, as I know many people are, including myself, allergic to being told you will roar at a joke before you hear it. In fact some, immediately they hear that familiar prelude, are resolute not even to murmur at the thing. However, I do base my claim on a precedent—I told it to Mr. Ballard awhile ago up in the lab and he laughed so much he had to stay in an iron lung over the weekend. And yesterday I told it to Dunbar MacPhennish, an old Scot, in the movie house, whence he howled long and loud until he finally had to go outside, missing half the show!

It seems—(but I can't tell it now because that would mean another paragraph.)



ASSOCIATE EDITOR IS STATE CHAMPION

LAWRENCE HIGH is both surprised and pleased to find a champion in its midst. Miss Muriel Gediman, L. H. S. Junior, after having sailed through the district preliminaries in humorous declamation at the National Forensic Contest in Hyannis with flying colors, also held her own against all comers at the State Contest held in Concord High School on March 22. Being undisputed champion of Massachusetts, she is entitled to represent the state at the National Contest, to be held at Terre Haute, Indiana, during the latter part of April. L. H. S. is proudly confident that Miss Gediman will make an excellent showing if she is sent to the finals by the school.

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE

The Older Boys' Conference will be held at Falmouth this year on April 13, and will be attended by Senior and Junior boys from high schools all over the Cape. The program has not been definitely decided upon, but is under the direction of Mr. Russell Marshall with Mr. Farnsworth K. Baker as registrar.

SENIOR HONOR STUDENTS NAMED

Scholastic honors shine brightly this year, with no less than ten "up-and-at-'em" Seniors maintaining an average of 90 percent or over for the past two and one-half years. Equality seems to be the keynote, with exactly five representatives of each sex capturing high honors. These students are: Richard Barry, Clayton Collins, Milford Hatch, George Kariotis, John Mixer, Betty Davis, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, Mary Lawrence, and Charlotte McKenzie, respectively. So far as L. H. S. office records reveal, this is the largest number of honor students ever to be graduated from L. H. S. The class coming nearest to this exceptionally high mark was the Class of '39, with six Honor Students.

L. H. S. BECOMES EXAM-CONSCIOUS

This seems to be examination year for L. H. S., for at least four large competitive exams have been given to L. H. S. students.

The first important exam was the Tufts, which was taken by both Seniors and Juniors. Seniors were Richard Barry, Milford Hatch, Clayton Collins, and George Kariotis, and Juniors were James Harding, Carol Barrows, and Muriel Gediman.

Those who took the Bryant tests for a \$100 scholarship were Roberta Jones, Jeannette Hurford, Angelina Kariotis, Connie DeMello, and Paul Blanchard.

Tests scheduled for the near future are the National Clerical Tests, to be taken in Hyannis by Roberta Jones and Jeannette Hurford. R. C. A. Tests will be taken by Richard Barry and George Kariotis, with an ultimate prize of \$4,000 and a future in radio in view.

HONOR ROLL

Month Ending February 9, 1940

Seniors

Milford Hatch Jeannette Hurford
Mary Lawrence

Juniors

Gertrude Atkinson Carol Barrows

Sophomores

Natalie Robertson Jean Wagner

CERTIFICATE LIST

Seniors

Richard Barry Paul Blanchard
Roberta Jones George Kariotis
Charlotte McKenzie

Juniors

Marguerite Carlson Melvin Fish
Muriel Gediman James Harding
Priscilla Lord Virginia Rowe

Sophomores

Jeanne Davis John DeRose
Hazel Murphy

HONOR ROLL

Month Ending March 22, 1940.

Seniors

Richard Barry	Clayton Collins
Milford Hatch	Roberta Jones
George Kariotis	Mary Lawrence
Charlotte McKenzie	

Juniors

Gertrude Atkinson	Carol Barrows
Marguerite Carlson	Muriel Gediman

Sophomores

Natalie Robertson	Louise Silva
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CERTIFICATE LIST

Seniors

Betty Davis	Jeannette Hurford
John Mixer	Margaret Silva

Gillian Williams

Juniors

Melvin Fish	James Harding
Anita Manley	Virginia Rowe

Sophomores

Dorothy Atkinson	Madalyn Hathaway
John Lawrence	Lyle Long
Eleanor McLaughlin	Evangeline Tollio
Marguerite Troop	Jean Wagner

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

The annual D. A. R. Convention was held at the Copley Plaza in Boston on March 11, with Betty Davis representing the L. H. S. Senior Class by popular vote. The high spots of the program were a speech by Governor Saltonstall and, later, a tour of the State House.

The Senior Class Marshal was elected in a class meeting held February 27. The final choice was Carleton Collins, treasurer of the Junior Class.

Senior caps and gowns this year will be maroon and white—the school colors.

Members of the Senior Prom committee are Melvina Crosby, Erdine Collins, Rebecca Cahoon, Richard Barry, Constance DeMello, Inman Soule, Stanley Burgess, and James Wright.

When March 22 rolled around, there were twenty-two Seniors and one Junior, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Handy, en route for the annual Senior trip to Washington. They were: Betty Davis, Dorothy Francis, Mary Overy, Clayton Collins, James Wright, Harold Baker, Milford Hatch, Richard Barry, Erdine Collins, James Cavanaugh, Richard Breivogel, Inman Soule, Paul Blanchard, Warren Davis, Charles Turner, Rebecca Cahoon, Mary Lawrence, Helen Lumbert, Georgina Bonita, Elwyn Turner, Albert Soderland, Phillip Norris, and Virginia Rowe.

ASSEMBLIES

Novel

A novel assembly was presented in the J. H. S. auditorium by a group of Swiss Yodelers. The program consisted of folk songs, yodeling, and dancing and an exhibition of grain harvesting, cheese making, and embroidery work.

Adventurous

One of the most interesting assemblies of the month was a movie, entitled *Caravan on Wheels*, describing the adventures of a white couple who penetrated the heart of darkest Africa on a jaunt across the continent with a handful of black attendants.

Oratorical

In a stirring public-speaking contest sponsored by the American Legion and given in the J. H. S. auditorium, Dorothy Francis won first prize, Harold Spooner was second, and Mary Overy, third.

Business

A particularly interesting assembly for business-minded Seniors was presented on February 21 when Mrs. Darrow, Director of the Cape Cod Secretarial School, gave a talk on the relative merits of her school. She emphasized the facts of nearness to home, and comparatively small expense, which are two large items in going away to college, and ended her talk with a wish to see many L. H. S. graduates in Hyannis next year.

Unique

How's your telephone personality? This formed the rather unique subject for a movie give under the sponsorship of Mr. Crooks, a well-known representative of the telephone company. Let's hope *A New Voice for Mr. X* gave all students a new voice in L. H. S.! Speaking of personality—Miss Cobb, who recently spoke to all L. H. S. girls, says that the word is not "Isn't she pretty?" but "Isn't she attractive?" Girls take note!

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE

The Annual Older Girls' Conference will be held April 27 at Harwich. Six Senior girls and four Junior girls will be sent. The Senior girls are Betty Davis, Charlotte McKenzie, Mary Lawrence, Shirley Barrows, Rebecca Cahoon, and Connie DeMello. The four Juniors are Carol Barrows, Gertrude Atkinson, Jean Hall, and Patty Berg.



Letters From Graduates

Mary Lawrence, '40

THE Alumni editors of the *Lawrencian*, endeavoring to collect data from many L. H. S. graduates at the various colleges in North-eastern United States, received many interesting replies. From these letters are taken some of the enlightening facts which are given below.

Lee Clark, a Junior at Harvard, who has maintained a high scholastic rating during his three years there . . . the dean's list . . . writes us that he hopes to become a research physicist in the field of communication with some commercial company . . . incidentally, he thinks Harvard men are a bit effeminate . . . He feels that, if one wants to keep his marks up at Harvard, he hasn't much chance to go in for outside activities. However, Lee did manage to squeeze in House football (with a corresponding drop in marks), although his team was inter-mural "champ" . . . at present he is occupied in rehearsing for a play to be given in one of the local churches . . . The "Crimson", Harvard paper, states that only ten percent of this year's graduating class are assured of jobs when they graduate . . . The one great fault which Lee thinks ought to be remedied at L. H. S. is in connection with the chemistry and physics department. He says that the single period a day that is allotted to each subject is not enough, but that two periods ought to be given to each subject, one for class or lecture, and the other for demonstration and experimentation, with proper laboratory equipment, as they have in most other high schools. Consequently, a graduate of L. H. S. finds that elementary courses in physics and chemistry at Harvard are almost too much for him . . . Lee also writes, "I pulled the boner of my life when in high school by not taking a third year of Latin." As a result, he found that he is entitled to a B. S. degree only and not a B. A. as he had planned . . . However, Lee says that taking an advanced Latin course at Harvard is

George Kariotis, '40

suicide! . . . He also wishes he had taken two years of German in high school, because three years of both French and German are required for a degree. Thus, he had to spend two years on German in college.

In a letter from Carolyn Turner at Bridgewater State Teachers' College she writes that "it is advisable to plan ahead for college entrance when selecting a high school program . . . and among subjects that should be taken are biology, chemistry, and ancient history . . ." She also adds that "chemistry was such a help to me that I regret I did not take biology and ancient history to acquire a background for advanced courses." She also thinks "theory and appreciation courses in art and music would be valuable courses to add to the L. H. S. curricula. These, as well as public speaking, are required subjects at B. S. T. C. . . Graduates here are awarded B. S. degrees in Education . . . Junior students spend eight weeks of practice teaching under critic teachers in practice schools where they gain valuable experience through actual teaching . . . Seniors also spend eight weeks teaching in either junior-senior high school or elementary schools, off campus . . . Right now, at B. S. T. C. everyone is helping with the Centennial programs to be held during the spring to review the traditions and accomplishments of Bridgewater since its foundation in 1840."

Thomas Noland, who journeyed out to Indiana to attend Purdue University, tells us that he has witnessed some pretty cold weather . . . 16 degrees below zero for awhile . . . also he has passed the first semester with good grades and is sailing along pretty smoothly . . . Incidentally, Purdue University was crowned basketball champion of the Big Ten Conference this year . . . When asked what the advantages of a co-ed school were, he wrote, "A co-ed school gives the students the opportunity to

ALUMNI NEWS

(Continued from Page 23)

mix as they would in ordinary life . . . students in a co-ed institution are likely to be a little more broadminded than those not in a co-ed school . . . it would be an awfully dry place if there were no girls here" . . . He says that the average student at Purdue gets by on about \$750 per year. Tom's course is Mechanical Engineering plus an advanced course in Military . . . Tom declares that many employers prefer to hire men who have had advanced Military because of their training in handling men . . . Purdue's buildings are of brick, trimmed with limestone on a very large campus . . . the two year old fieldhouse seats 8,000 at basketball games . . . now being built is a Music Hall . . . a chemical engineering building was completed during the fall . . . Some Purdue traditions are: No one except seniors wear yellow cords and mustaches; all freshmen wear green pots; and until two years ago, there was no smoking on the campus which was merely a Purdue tradition and not a set rule.

The Roaring Sea

I will down to the bounding sea,
Where the breakers race along the shore,
And the tide rips over a long-dead hulk
That will proud to the sea no more.
Oh, the roaring sea is calling me! ,
Oh roar! Oh roar!

I will down to the sea, I will down to the sea,
I will down to the sea once more!
I will down, *down*, down,
I will down to the sea once more!
Plod
Plod
Plod
Plod

Down to the sea once more!
To the bounding sea, the pounding sea,
To the pounding, bounding sea,
For the call of the roaring sea
I hear once more!

R. S.

"The Owl"

Aunt Emma—"Aren't you going to say the blessing, dearie?"

Modern Child—"This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty."

.. EXCHANGE ..

Shirley Barrows, '40

What They Think

"*The Botolphian*", Boston, Mass.

"*The Lawrencian*". The latest issue of the *Lawrencian* contains many superior articles and compositions. "*Propaganda*" by Milford Hatch, is especially timely and instructive. Outstanding points in this publication are the many different features and departments, and the concise and pithy editorials.

"*Conradian*", Woodcrest, Del.

"*The Lawrencian*". We certainly enjoyed your pages on America, and are happy to be on your exchange list.

What We Think

"*The Talisman*"—Lansdale High School, Lansdale, Pa.

Your alumni page is very good, and we like your literary section.

"*Ye Ridlyan*"—Ridley Park High School, Ridley Park, Pa.

You have an excellent literary section, but could use some original humor. The poems are particularly noteworthy.

"*Yellow Jacket Buzz*"—Newark High School, Newark, N. J.

An interesting little newspaper containing very good news articles.

"*The Owl*"—Middletown High School, Middletown, N. Y.

Your candid camera shots are good, and we enjoyed your magazine.

"*Ship Aboy*"—Wildwood High School, Wildwood, N. J.

Your editorials show thought and your "Ripples" are very good.

"*The Meteor*"—Berlin High School, Berlin, New Hampshire.

We consider your magazine an excellent one, but do not like advertisements interspersed throughout the book.

"*The Botolphian*"—Boston College High School, Boston, Mass.

Your seventy-fifth anniversary copy gives us a clear cut impression of your school and its activities past and present.

Conversation At Midnight

(Apologies to Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Roberta Jones, '40

'T WAS midnight in the Main Room,
Yet the lights were shining bright;
For Euterpe'd called a conference,
On this February night.

Accompanied by Beethoven,
At our baby grand—
Venus sang a solo;
Then, Lincoln led the band.

Chairman Newton then stepped forward,
And, holding up his hand,
Reported,—“Much has happened
Since the last meeting of this band.

“Four years have passed away
And many changes have occurred,
The later ones we will discuss.”

And—
this—
is—
what—
we—
heard!

Chairman Newton:

Three raps upon the gavel,
“The meeting will come to order—
Euterpe, please read your report,
And we'll continue like we 'orter'!”

Secretary Euterpe:

“This school is in an awful mess,
Romance is on the nil,
Though Spring is really almost here,
Dan Cupid is sitting still.”

Hamilton:

Hamilton then took the floor,
And sadly gave his case.
“I think,” said he, “that '39
Has set too great a pace.

“Oh! '40 is so young, you see,
He's pretty much in doubt.
Wars and such take so much time,
He hardly knows what love's about.”

Euterpe:

“Simply because of minor wars,
A candidate, or thirty-three,
It's absolutely no excuse,
For senior tricks in infancy.”

This view came from no other
Than Euterpe, tried and true,
Her adventure with the 'larm clock
To us is nothing new.

Ludwig Beethoven:

Ludwig, it was his turn to speak,
Said, tossing back his hair,
“Their actions up to date it seems,
All signs of childhood bear.

“Their tests and classroom boners,
To all the teachers prove—
That 'though they shine in swing time,
Mentality's not in the groove.

“Though some seem rather hopeless,
We must, of course, admit—
That others really do possess,
What's called 'get up and get!'

“Now take the case of Polly Lord,
She's quite a girl, I see,
For months she loved her John alone—
But now it's Buddy D!”

Athena:

“Oh! Shrimpy is so very short,
She's hardly seen at all.
But this fact makes no difference—
As George is not so tall.

“Miss Jill, she likes bright colors best,
And Bill she likes no less;
But when we come right down to earth—
The one true love is Wes!”

Diana:

“Of Peep's cartoons and bright remarks
The Seniors are much too proud.
They sing his praises here and there
In tones much, much too loud.”

Shakespeare:

“With Seniors joining the Junior class
And Juniors getting snooty,
The old traditions are falling fast.
To stop them is our duty!

“Ask Dave and he'll tell you
What it's all about,
Or perhaps ask Angie
And you'll find out.”

Lincoln:

“Among Juniors and Sophomores
Are several relations,
Which without doubt
Are causing sensations.

“When she's in Hatchville
Or when she's in town,
You'll always find Tom
When Hazel's around.”

Roosevelt:

"There's something in Wareham
That's quite an attraction,
But for four Junior boys
It seems a distraction."

As seven bells rang through the tower,
The meeting was adjourned.
The statues hurried back in place,
Not knowing we had learned.

* * *

Oh! When it comes to poetry,
We really must confess—
For though we do try awfully hard,—
Our efforts are a mess.

As bad as our attempts may be
We leave you with the plea,
That you forget our simple verse,
But remember M. and V!

Editors' Notes

The Modern Miss

Jeanne Davis, '42

IN the spring a young girl's fancy
Doesn't turn to thoughts of love,
But to the thoughts of wardrobe
They go flying, like a dove.

Perhaps it will seem funny,
But she doesn't think of boys.
She thinks of what the other girls
Will say about her clothes.

She doesn't think of dancing,
Or of romancing in the dark.
She thinks of whether her new gray dress
Will make the proper mark.

And so it has been proven
Or, at least, to most it has,
That the modern girl is fickle,
And she thinks of more than jazz.

18th CENTURY PROPOSAL

Muriel Gediman, '41

Dost thou take me,
With my house by the sea;
To love and adore,
For now and e'er more?

20th CENTURY PROPOSAL

Come on, babe, let's get hitched.
My pa's wallet I've snitched.
In his car we can ride.
What say, toots, be my bride?

Pigeonhole Pointers

Roberta Jones, '40

Miss Allen

Those verbs are simply monstrous,
At sight of them we blench,
But, persevere, Miss Allen,
And you'll have us talking French.

Mr. Allen

He overflows with humor,
He makes the classes roar,
But, strange to say, he always tells
The jokes we've heard before!

Miss Arenovski

Miss Arenovski tears her hair
When we our duties shirk,
But don't give up in sad despair,
For we just love our work!

Mr. Baker

Of Caesar and the Gallic Wars,
You bid us all recall;
The Romans spoke good Latin,
But we can't speak at all!

Mr. Ballard

He tracks downs paramecium,
We really do not doubt
Amoebas fear his piercing eye—
No—cross that one out!

Mr. Craig

Mr. Craig elaborates
On history all day long,
The tomes of Beard and Muzzey,
The chorus to his song!

Miss Follansbee

You've solved that tricky problem,
Which has some teachers fazed,
You have a quiet study-hall—
We're really quite amazed!

Mr. Marshall

To be our useful principal,
Oh, such is his sad fate!
He tells us what we're made of;
Why we don't even rate!

Mrs. Peterson

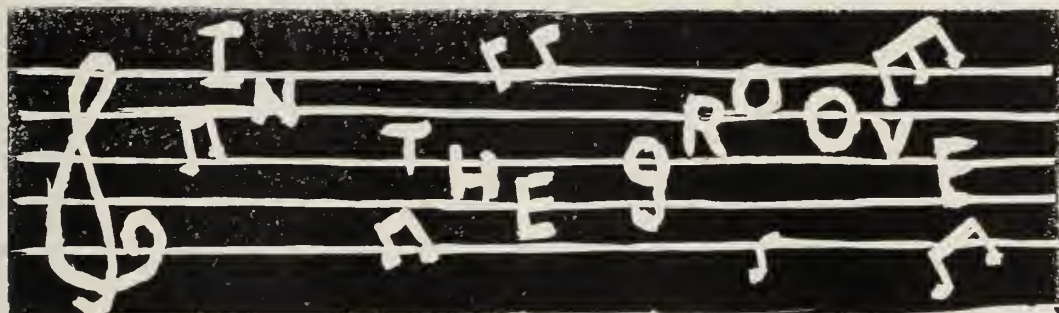
You teach us how to typewrite,
And teach us all the ropes,
We struggle with our shorthand,
But we still live in hopes!

Miss Sheehan

You're always in a hurry,
You're always on the go,
You'll save a lot of time
If you never save your dough!

Mr. Robinson

He fools around with bulbs and things.
He knows his insect sprays,
He rescues starving teachers
With food on rainy days.



(Broadcast by Station WHEE over Senior Network)

THREE POPULAR PROGRAMS

Confidentially Yours

"You're An Angel" Angelina and David
 "L'amour, Toujours, L'amour"

Muriel and Paul
 "You're A Sweet Little Headache"

Helen and Bob
 "Could Be" Jeannette

"Now It Can Be Told" Polly and Warren
 "The Lady's In Love With You"

Claire and Fred
 "You're A Sweetheart" Ruth and Morrill

"You're The Only Star" Hazel and Tom
 "The Answer is Love"

Fred Metell and Edna
 "I Can Dream, Can't I?"

Dick Breivogel

School Days

"Hail, Alma Mater" dear old L. H. S.
 "So Help Me"

after session with Mr. Marshall
 "It's A Lonely Trail" to the office

"If I Only Had A Brain" our statuary
 "Nice Work If You Can Get It"

Honor Roll
 "It's Easier Said Than Done"

Certificate List

"It's a Hap, Hap, Happy Day"
 when new teacher or pupil comes to L. H. S.

"An Apple to the Teacher" Teacher's Pet
 "Watching the Clock" Everyone

Romance Corner

"Harbor Light" Phil and Eunice
 "My Prayer" Georgina and Charlie

"This Can't Be Love" Louise and John
 "Hold Tight" Gete and Ace

"Our Love" Petite and Jim
 "My Own" Marion and Jack

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"
 M. Cavanaugh and L. Bourne

"Heaven Can Wait" Irene Norris
 "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?"

Lanky
 "This Changing World" Clayt, Betty, Dick

BEHIND THE SCENES PROGRAM

Selection "Holy Smoke"

War Eagle Orchestra
 Win, Sam, Jimmy, Peep

Solo "My Buddy" Mary Overy
 Quartet "Let This Be a Warning to You"

Senior Officers to Sophomores
 Senior Chorus "Beyond the Blue Horizon"

After Graduation
 Duet "I Hadn't Anyone Till You"

Win and Dizz
 Trio "I Won't Tell a Soul" Gossip Editors

Solo "Red Sails in the Sunset" Rebecca
 Boys' Chorus "Ain't Misbehavin'"

7th period Study Group
 Trio "Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair"

Davis, Hall, Wagner
 Solo (Stay Up Stan) "The All Night Record"

Man" Slug
 Duet "Oh Johnny Oh, Johnny Oh"

Mary and Fat
 Song and Dance "I'm Just a Jitterbug"

Lester and Pat
 Solo "Same Old Line (Grandpa)" Erdine

Duet "Stormy Weather" Jimmy and Virginia
 Mixed Chorus "Angels with Dirty Faces"

Sophs
 Solo "Little Drummer Boy" Carleton Collins

Solo "Small Fry" Pinky Mixer
 Duet "Scatter Brain" Mel and Mac

Trio "Three Little Fishes"
 Turner, Wright, Burgess

Solo "To You Sweetheart Aloha"
 Dick DeMello

Orchestration "Wham" War Eagles
 L. H. S. Chorus "Goody Good Bye"

Entire Company

Four Bawls

Neighbor—"I heard your kid bawling last night."

Parent—"Yeah, after four bawls, he got his base warmed."

"The Yellow Jacket Buzz"

FACULTY AUDITIONS

(Broadcast by Station LHS over the Blues
Network)

"Hinky Dinky Parlez-Vous" Miss Helen Allen
"Down by the Old Mill Stream"

Mr. Frederick Allen

"Katie" Miss Kathleen Arenovski

"Day In, Day Out" Mr. Farnsworth Baker

"Little Man, What Now?"

Mr. Kenneth Ballard

"In the Mood" Miss Marjorie Brooks

"My Heart Belong to Daddy"

Mrs. Dean Bumpus

"If You Knew Suzie" Miss Dorothea Buros

"You're An Education" Mr. Alan Craig

"Deep Purple" Miss Barbara Follansbee

"Take Me Out to the Ball Game"

Mr. Elmer Fuller

"Be Strong" Mr. Arthur Harper

"Roll, Wagons, Roll" Mr. William Howard

"At Your Beck and Call"

Mr. Russell Marshall

"Sailing, Sailing" Mr. Wilbur Merrill

"Back in 1939 A. D." Mrs. Gunnar Peterson

"In My Garden of Dreams"

Mr. Lewis Robinson

"Busy as a Bee" Miss Arlene Sheehan

"Home on the Range"

Mrs. Harold Underwood

SPOTLIGHT PARADE

(Broadcast by Station ODD over Crimson
Network)

"I Didn't Know What Time It Was"

Bob Simmons

"Sophisticated Lady"

Jill

"Mary Lou"

Mary L. Turner

"Some Day My Prince Will Come"

Shirley Barrows

"When You and I Were Young, Maggie"

Charlotte

"Monstro the Whale"

Bert

"Wearing of the Green"

Ben

"Umbrella Man"

Abe

"It Makes No Difference Now" Jim Wright

"Today I Am A Man"

Carl Palmer

"Two Sleepy People"

Mac and Zeke

Brilliant

Visitor—"I must congratulate you on your daughter's brilliant paper on 'The Influence of Science on the Principles of Government.'"

Father—"Yes, and now that's off her mind, I hope she will begin to study the influence of the vacuum cleaner on the carpet."—*Exchange.*



MRS. CONFUCIUS SAY:

She who turns up nose has probably been
turned down!

She who receives expensive gift loses pensive
expression!

She who is backward makes good dancer!

She who is fickle leaves boy in pickle!

She who stays indoors is left out in cold!

She who is toe dancer makes job her soul in-
terest!

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Patty Berg, '41

THE fiery sunset in the West,
The velvety green of the grass;
The clinging vine of wisteria,
And the trees all in a mass;
The little old house stands firm and straight;
The well is worn from use;
The broken-down fence, with its outside gate,
Is paintless from abuse;
These few things form for this well,
The background which only an artist could tell.

SPORTS



L. H. S. DEFEATED IN FINALS OF CAPE AND ISLAND TOURNEY

NIPPED BY ORLEANS 35-34 IN FINAL GAME

After being installed tourney favorites and marching to the finals, the L. H. S. Crimson were recipients of the tourney's biggest upset, as Orleans defeated them 35-34 to win the Cape and Island's Championship. Heavy pre-game favorites, the Crimson set a hot pace in the first quarter, leading 12-6. The half ended, with Orleans creeping up and narrowing the margin to 24-20. Shortly after the third period commenced, Jim Wright, who had kept L. H. S. in the game with 19 points, was forced to leave the game with 4 personal fouls. Orleans, due to the work of Long and Walker, led 27-26 at the end of the third period. An exchange of baskets left the score 30-all shortly after the third period began. Then Walker and Long teamed up to give Orleans a 33-30 lead. Mixer and Collins sunk shots for the Crimson, and they led 34-33. Then, with 36 seconds to go, Walker took a rebound off the L. H. S. backboard and sunk it to give Orleans the game and title.

Wright closed his career brilliantly with 19 points, while Hatch's 7 points and brilliant floorwork and Lino's fine guarding were outstanding. Walker, in addition to sinking the game-winning basket, starred for Orleans with 11 points.

CRIMSON COP OPENER Top Bourne 28-22

Leading their opponents all the way, the L. H. S. quintet opened their season with a 28-22 win over Bourne at the Hall School gym. Though the passing and shooting of both teams was inferior due to lack of practice, the Crimson clearly showed their superiority. Wright and Hatch, with 15 and 7 points respectively, were the big guns for the Crimson; while Young's 11 points led the Bourne attack.

CRIMSON CRUSH SANDWICH Win in Breeze 40-16

Completely outplaying their weaker opponents, the L. H. S. basketballers topped Sandwich 40-16 at the Wing School Gym in Sandwich. Featuring a greatly improved passing and shooting attack, the Fullermen opened in high gear and increased their lead throughout the game. Wright led the scoring with 17 points, but Bud Davis's brilliant display of 12 points on long shots was the highlight. Purdy's 8 points topped the Sandwich scoring.

L. H. S. SWAMPS SANDWICH Crimson Cop Sixth Straight

Though their opponents showed a strong attack, the L. H. S. basketball five topped Sandwich 34-24 for their sixth win in a row. Wright with 20 points and Hatch with 10 led the Crimson attack, while Fish's 10 points were Sandwich's best offering.

FALMOUTH GIRLS BREAK FIVE-YEAR TRADITION

Upset Barnstable 20-18

A jubilant team of Falmouth fighters managed to eke out a close decision over a determined Barnstable sextet by grabbing the most coveted win of the season with a 20-18 score. This victory was the first over Barnstable in five long years for the L. H. S. girls.

Baffled by an effective zone defense, the Barnstable forwards couldn't seem to locate the basket during the first half; but in the third period they came back strong and held the lead until the fourth quarter when they surrendered it to the Falmouth lasses. A desperate last-minute rally was staved off when the traditional rivals lost their heads and let loose with a barrage of wild shots, none of which found their mark. The final whistle blew with the home team still holding its narrow but sufficient margin of victory.

FALMOUTH TROUNCES SANDWICH Win Easily 41-9

Keeping their victory slate clean, the girls of L. H. S. coasted to an easy 41-9 triumph over a green Sandwich team in the third game of their current campaign.

From the opening toss-in to the final whistle, the Crimson's chances of victory were never threatened; and the losers chalked up only two points during the first half.

CRIMSON TOP YARMOUTH AND BARNSTABLE IN SEMI-FINALS

FALMOUTH TOPS YARMOUTH

Opens Tourney With 44-34 Win

Though they were decidedly off form, the L. H. S. cagers defeated Yarmouth 44-34 to open the Cape and Island's Tournament at Bourne. The game was much closer than the score indicates, as the Crimson were baffled by the speed and deception of the small Yarmouth quintet. Yarmouth opened with a red-hot attack, and not until the end of the first half did L. H. S. overhaul them to lead 21-20. The third period ended with the Lawrencians clinging to their one-point margin, but in the fourth quarter, sparked by Jim Wright and Clayt Collins, the Crimson steadily increased their margin of victory. Wright and Collins, with 18 and 10 points each, topped the victorious Fullermen's attack; while Leighton with 14 and Dauphinais with 10 points topped the Yarmouth scoring.

CRIMSON EDGE BARNSTABLE

Score 31-27 Win In Tourney

In one of the Cape's greatest battles, the L. H. S. Crimson Tide scored a coveted victory over Rival Barnstable, 31-27, to advance into the finals of the Cape and Island's Tournament at Bourne. The game was nip and tuck, with the Fullermen staging a brilliant second-half comeback to take their second decision in three starts from their rivals. Barnstable opened fast, leading 10-6 at the end of the first quarter, and 14-10 at the half. Then Win Hatch and Jim Wright sparked the winner's attack as they moved into a 23-18 lead at the end of the third period. Falmouth crept into a 27-20 lead shortly after the fourth canto started, but McEacheron scored once and Crosby twice to make it 29-27 with 40 seconds to go. Then Wright intercepted a Barnstable pass and sunk the clinching basket as the game ended.

Hatch garnered scoring honors for the evening with 13 points, while Wright followed with 11 for the Crimson. Allen led the Barnstable scoring with 11 points from his forward post.



Richard Barry, '40

Dribbles will now dribble for the last time this year . . . it's over, and the 1940 hoop edition of the Crimson Tide has written the last chapter in their record book . . . some chapters were good, others bad . . . the first seven were great . . . the last nine rather so-so . . . however, ye scribe's prediction of ten wins in his previous column was fulfilled . . . and an extra win tossed in to silence any dissenter . . . we could make excuses and give advice, mostly poor, as other commentators do, but we'll just say . . . it's all over, they did a fine job, and good luck to next year's team . . . if anyone pipes up regarding the Orleans game, the answer is, so what? . . . now for more specific chatter . . . Jim Wright clearly established himself as the Cape's best player . . . 250 points in 16 games isn't to be sniffed at anywhere . . . in fact, we'd like to know the name of any player in Southeastern Massachusetts who topped it in any number of games . . . we venture to say it's the most ever scored by any L. H. S. cager in one season . . . Win Hatch made a great comeback after breaking his ankle last year . . . he's among the Cape's best forwards with his 135 points . . . hit his peak against Barnstable in the last two tilts . . . biggest surprise of season was Bud Davis's great improvement . . . showed great versatility at either forward or guard . . . biggest single surprise was Clayt Collins's showing and 10 points against Yarmouth . . . tops in individual scoring was Wright's 27 points against Bourne . . . Lino's improvement in late season a big surprise . . . a pleasant one too . . . unsung hero of Cape Tourney . . . with due apologies for not praising individually the rest of the players, we'll end our dribble with . . . may the 1941 hoop edition of the Crimson Tide sweep in as gloriously as the 1940.

Girls Clinch Season's Opener

L. H. S. WHIPS BOURNE 26-19

Getting off to a flying start, the L. H. S. basketeers drubbed an inferior Bourne outfit by the score of 26-19 in the first clash of the 1940 season.

Connie DeMello, the Crimson's red-hot center forward, rang up 17 points to lead the offensive attack. The guards functioned as a unit in holding the opponent's score down to a meager 19.

The L. H. S. defense needs a bit of polishing in its floorwork, and the foul shooting of the forwards leaves much to be desired; but, on the whole, the team showed remarkable form for the initial contest.

L. H. S. GIRLS SWAMP SANDWICH IN RETURN GAME

The Falmouth Girls' Basketball Team trounced the Sandwich lassies 39-15 in a return game on Thursday, February 1st in the Hall School gymnasium.

The Sandwich sextet was unable to check the scoring of the Falmouth forwards led by "Shrimp" McKenzie with 23 points, while the L. H. S. guards displayed good teamwork in holding the opponents to 15 points. This victory stretched the winning streak to four games without a setback.

FALMOUTH WINS OVER BOURNE

Bourne again suffered defeat at the hands of a superior L. H. S. team, this time by a score of 18-7.

Although the losers, clad in snappy purple and white suits, showed much improvement over their previous game, they were unable to stop the fast breaks to the basket by McKenzie, who was high scorer for the day.

The Falmouth team was greatly handicapped by the absence of Connie DeMello who played for only one quarter, but Cahoon and Williams at the guard berths made up for this loss by playing a sparkling defensive game.

LAWRENCE HIGH SCHOOL IN MID-SEASON SLUMP DROPS EDGARTOWN, FAIRHAVEN, BARNSTABLE GAMES

L. H. S. DOWNS ISLANDERS

Drops Edgartown 26-20

In a well-played contest, the L. H. S. five notched their third straight victory by defeating Edgartown 26-20 at the Hall School Gym. After a scoreless first quarter, both teams opened up, with the Crimson holding a 13-11 lead at half-time. The last half was close all the way, and the mainlanders never trailing. Wright led the Fullermen with 9 points, but Win Hatch gave a brilliant display of under-the-basket work, tallying 8 points. C. Mello's 6 points led the long-shot attack of the Islanders.

L. H. S. DEFEATS BARNSTABLE

Scores Coveted Win 34-25

With the rival captains setting the pace, the L. H. S. Crimson scored their fourth straight win, a 34-25 triumph over rival Barnstable, on the latter's home floor. The Crimson never trailed after the first few minutes, leading 11-6 at the quarter, 15-10 at the half, 21-17 at the conclusion of the third period, and 34-25 at the end of the contest. Drew, Barnstable captain and center, took the scoring laurels of the evening with 19 counters. Wright, opposing center and captain, scored 17 points, including 5 foul shots. Davis counted 10 times and Hatch 7 for the winners, as the whole team displayed a brilliant attack.

CRIMSON WIN SEVENTH STRAIGHT

Outscore Wareham 21-18

In a close, exciting game, the L. H. S. Crimson outscored Wareham 21-18 at the Hall School Gym for their seventh straight triumph. Wareham's attack was featured by Gibson and Caires, the best pair of guards to face L. H. S. this season, who scored 8 and 7 points respectively. Wright scored 14 and Hatch 7 points for the Crimson.

L. H. S. TOPS FAIRHAVEN IN OVERTIME

Hatch Sinks Winning Goal

Scoring an upset over their favored opponents, the L. H. S. five defeated Fairhaven 38-36 in an overtime clash at the Hall School Gym for their fifth straight win. After "Dougie" Stevens of Fairhaven had tied the game with a long one-hander in the last five seconds, Win Hatch of the Crimson gave L. H. S. its victory with a perfectly timed twist shot from the foul line shortly after the "sudden-death" period began. Wright and Hatch scored 19 and 12 points respectively for the Crimson, while Cahoon with 11 points and Pierce with 8 starred for the Blue.

L. H. S. ROUTES BOURNE

Crimson Romp 57-19

In their best display of the season, the L. H. S. five trounced Bourne at the latter's gym, 57-19. The play was rough, 18 fouls being called on Bourne, and 12 on Falmouth, but the smooth running offense of the Fullermen couldn't be stopped. Big Jim Wright gave a brilliant performance as he scored 27 points, while Hatch reached his high for the season with 18 points. Young scored 9 of Bourne's meagre 19 points.

CRIMSON DROP SECOND STRAIGHT

Defeated by Fairhaven 37-34

Still in a mid-season slump, the L. H. S. Crimson dropped their second game of the year, 37-34 to Fairhaven on the latter's court. After taking a 9-6 lead in the first canto, the Fullermen saw their lead snatched away. Fairhaven, led by Win Pierce, maintained a steady pace, repulsing frequent Crimson threats, to emerge victorious. Pierce gave a brilliant exhibition of floor work in addition to his 13 points to lead the Fairhaven assault, while Wright with 17 points led the Crimson.

EDGARTOWN DEFEATS CRIMSON

Ends Seven Game Win Streak 26-23

Tasting defeat for the first time this season, the L. H. S. Crimson lost 26-23 at Edgartown in a fast, rough game. It was a see-saw affair with Edgartown pulling away in the last few minutes. S. Leighton featured Edgartown's attack with a 10 point display, being ably aided by Ted Morgan, Sylvia, C. Mello, and C. Leighton. Wright countered 10 times and Hatch 7 for the Crimson.

CRIMSON BREAK LOSING STREAK

Defeat Wareham 36-23 With Brilliant Display

In a fast, rough game, the L. H. S. basketballers defeated Wareham for the second time this season, 36-23, at Wareham. The Crimson, snapping out of their slump with a brilliant reversal of form, led all the way. 26 fouls marred the play as Falmouth lost Baker and Barry, and Wareham, Makrys by the four foul route. Wright countered 13 times, Davis 10, and Hatch 7 to lead the Crimson in this victory, while Tamagini's 6 points were Wareham's best effort.

BARNSTABLE TOPS L. H. S.

Fullermen Lose Final Tilt 37-34

In the last game of the regular season, the L. H. S. hoopmen were humbled by an underdog Barnstable five, 37-32 at the Hall School Gym. Barnstable never trailed as they played brilliant ball throughout the contest. Opposing centers Wright of Falmouth and Drew of Barnstable put on a great battle, but it was the two right forwards, Hatch of L. H. S. and McEacheron of Barnstable that stole the show. Hatch popped in 17 points in a beautiful shooting display, while McEacheron tallied 13 times. The opposing centers matched points, getting 12 apiece, while Drew's defensive work balanced Wright's superior floorwork. Allen of Barnstable also dropped in four sucker shots from the forward post.

GIRLS WIN FIRST SIX GAMES — LOSE LAST FOUR TO BARNSTABLE, WAREHAM, AND YARMOUTH

WAREHAM GIRLS ARE VICTORS

In an exciting game fought from the heart of both teams, the Wareham sextet defeated Falmouth by a close score of 23-19 at the Wareham Gym, Tuesday, February 20. This defeat was the second one Falmouth tasted this season.

Although the L. H. S. hoopsters tied the score at the beginning of the third period, they were unable to stop the Wareham forwards who baffled the guards with quick and accurate passwork. Gallerani, the Wareham right forward, was in the spotlight throughout the game.

L. H. S. BOYS' SECONDS

Composed entirely of newcomers, the L. H. S. second team has compiled a surprisingly good record, winning 8 and losing 4. After drubbing both Bourne and Sandwich, they dropped hectic encounters with Edgartown and Barnstable. Then they topped Fairhaven, Sandwich, Wareham, and Edgartown in a row. Finally came defeats by Fairhaven and Wareham, followed by smashing victories over Bourne, 31-9, and Barnstable, 56-9. The team is composed of Corey, Harold Marks, Louis Marks, and Blanchard at the forward posts, G. Mixer and Collins at center, and Williams, Pena, Lino, and Frank Marks as guards. In addition to compiling their fine record, the members gained valuable experience for next year, when they will comprise the 1941 hoop edition of the Crimson Tide.

L. H. S. ELIMINATED IN BROCKTON TOURNAMENT

Trounced By Abington 65-23

Hopelessly outclassed by a vastly superior opponent, the L. H. S. cagers bowed to Abington, 65-23, in the second round of the Brockton Y. M. C. A. Tournament. After drawing a first round bye, the Crimson met the Green of Abington, eventual tourney winners, and were more completely outclassed than any L. H. S. team in recent years. Abington toyed with the Capesters, as everyone shared in the scoring. Wright managed to tally 12 points, and Baker 6, for the Crimson.

OFF THE BACKBOARD WITH THE GIRLS

Ringling up six consecutive victories at the beginning of the season, the L. H. S. basketeers went sour in the later stages of the season and ended dismally with four successive defeats.

Center-forward Connie DeMello was obviously the star of the whole team and the spearhead of the forward attack. From any spot on the floor she could ring up two points with apparent ease. Her passwork was exceptional and her floorwork flawless.

Dot Francis also played a leading role in every Falmouth win. She seemed to delight in shaking free from her guard, and seldom failed to do so. Thus she was in the clear most of the time.

Another star forward, as well as being team manager, Shrimp McKenzie, was responsible for helping the L. H. S. girl basketeers chock up such a successful season. By quick passing and accurate shooting, she ended the season as high scorer of her team, despite her handicap of being a "shrimp" in size.

Shirley's long-shot specialties which swished through the net without touching the rim were something to marvel at.

Mary, besides being dependable and level-headed, was particularly adept behind the foul line.

Jean had a free and easy style, similar to her older sister's. Next year she will be the mainstay of the team and the bulwark of the offense.

The guards deserve more credit than is usually given them for the part they enacted in keeping the string of victories longer than the defeats.

Rebecca Cahoon, with two years of valuable service behind her, came back to the job this year with even more determination. By breaking away from the regular zone-defense and by appearing from seemingly nowhere, she invariably befuddled the opponents and squelched several scoring threats.

Marguerite Lumbert was undoubtedly the find of the season. Although only a soph, Gete showed more fight and pep than any other team member and played her position like an experienced old-timer.

SOFTBALL

Gertrude Atkinson, '41

Of all the sports in recent years, none has grown with such amazingly rapid strides in popularity as softball, formerly known as diamond, playground, or kitten ball. Like a tremendous tidal wave, it has swept over this country from coast to coast carrying in its wake boys and girls, men and women, of all ages, in both urban and rural sections.

Softball is played by two teams, of ten players each, for seven innings for each game. While one team serves a term at bat, the opposing team plays in the field. The team at bat, known as an inning for the batting team, is alternated for the two teams. The players who are batting attempt to become baserunners and advance around the bases in order to secure a run by touching home plate. The players of the team in the field attempt to prevent the batting team from getting on the base and scoring the runs. The team which scores the most runs in the total number of innings played wins.

GIRLS' SECOND TEAM

Although the second team won only a few games this season, they received the experience they needed for next year. Most of the first team players graduate this June, but there are substitutes left who will be able to carry the team through next season. Marguerite Lumbert, a first string guard, is only a sophomore and will start in next year with a year's experience. Jean Hall who has played forward in nearly every game will probably pile up the points as her sister did a year ago. Carol Barrows, Priscilla Hildreth, and some of the present sophomores will probably be stars next year. There are also several Mashpee girls in the ninth grade who look promising to next year's team. Good luck to the team of 1941!

Gill Williams teamed up with "Becca" and "Gete" and proved to be very competent in checking any scoring attempts. She used her height to good advantage by snatching the ball from mid-air at her end of the floor and returning it to her forwards.



L. H. S. 1940 GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Marion Mohr; Marguerite Lumbert; Rebecca Cahoon; Dorothy Francis; Jill Williams; Carol Barrows; Shirley Barrows; Jean Hall; Mary Overy; Charlotte McKenzie, Manager.



L. H. S. 1940 BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach Fuller; Milford Hatch; Warren Davis; James Wright, Captain; Harold Baker, Jr.; Clayton Collins, Jr.; Richard Barry.

The Seeing Eye

NOW here's a girl after your own heart—that MacDougall lassie. She sticks to one man despite all the other attractions. Doing pretty well, Phil!

That off-again on-again Junior-Senior romance seems to be quite definitely on just now. Sometimes though you don't know from one day to the next which one will be wearing the ring—Jinny or Jimmy.

Well, Connie, we're glad to welcome you to the ranks of the J. C. S. (Junior Class Standbys). George is a grand fellow if you know how to take him.

The organization's most active member, the Waquoit representative, seems to be having a pretty good time with the two Warrens. Look out, Skee, W. W. has a pretty good lead over you.

What is this strange attraction that Quissett and Woods Hole men have? It looks as though Jean has fallen for it anyway—in the vicinity of Quissett.

"Faithful Forever" should be a very appropriate song for Stanley and Irene. You seldom see them apart and never with anyone else.

These two little Juniors with the initials E. C. sure make a cute couple. Without any hard feelings, Earl, may we say Edna would be cute anywhere?

Mary Cavanaugh is one Sophomore who aimed for the Senior class and got something. Lester seems quite definitely captured.

Just what is Mary McAdams doing with those two fellows? (Maybe we shouldn't ask such questions.) Perhaps she likes variety with short Carl and tall Fred.

Mary Turner always seemed to be somewhat of a flirt, but it looks a lot more serious than mere flirting where she and Joe are concerned.

Those two Lambert girls seem to find great attraction in Bourne. Marguerite and Helen seem to have a pretty good time with Don and George, respectively.

Say, Miss Wagner, what is this all about? We thought Lanky was a woman hater or something, but he comes down to see you. Please tell us! How do you do it?

It must be nice to have the boy friend go away to college and come back with a pin for you to wear. How about that, Soup?

Those Edgartown women must be pretty lonesome most of the time. They certainly flocked around some of our players. Oh, yes and there was the fellow who stayed at a certain girl's house over there, but wouldn't go



out with her. He was afraid the girl friend back home would hear about it.

Porky wasn't satisfied with one on each knee at Edgartown; when la petite jeune Francaise from Lawrence showed up, so did he.

Nobska continues to hold an interest for John Scharff. She may not be a red-head—but the light house is still in view and Martha has her charms!

Did anyone else besides Fat notice the Fairhaven cheerleaders? They certainly were cute, but then, Mary was there too!

Carol keeps her love safely hidden in her heart! You'll not wonder at him, but you'll have to wait till she wears her locket! Line forms at the right, girls!

We wonder why the older Lord girl becomes so outraged at the light usage of — "Hello Honey!" It must hold some deep significant meaning for her!

"Pass the eggs," the captain shouted,

Up sprang the gallant crew:

They stopped the mighty turbines
And made the ship lay to.

Exchange—"The Owl"

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